of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night honeſt *Iago.* *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that ſayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honeſt,
Probáll to thinking, and indeed the courſe,
To win the Moore agen? For tis moſt eaſie
The inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue,
In any honeſt ſuite ſhe's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, were t to renounce his baptiſme,
All ſeales and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoule is ſo infetter'd to her loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, doe what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,
To counſell *Caſsio* to this parrallell courſe,
Directly to his good? diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They doe ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I doe now; for whilſt this honeſt foole
Plyes *Deſdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore;
Ile poure this peſtilence into his eare,
That ſhe repeales him for her bodies luſt;
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to doe him good,
She ſhall vndoe her credit with the Moore;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe, make the net
That ſhall enmeſh them all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo?*

Rod. I do follow here in the chaſe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almoſt ſpent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgelld: I thinke the iſſue will be, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines, and ſo no mony at all, and with a little more wit returne to *Venice.*

Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience?

What

What wound did eue
Thou knoweſt we wo
And wit depends on
Dos't not goe well?
And thou, by that ſm
Tho other things gro
Yet fruites that bloſ
Content thy ſelfe a w
Pleaſure, and action,
Retire thee, goe whe
Away I ſay, thou ſha
Nay get thee gon: S
My wife muſt moue
Ile ſet her on.
My ſelfe a while, to
And bring him iump
Soliciting his wife
Dull not deuiſe by c

Acti

Ente

Caſ. MAſters, p
Somethi
Th

Clo. Why maſte
ſpeake i'th noſe thus
Boy. How ſir, ho
Clo. Are theſe
Boy. I marry ar
Clo. O, thereby
Boy. Whereby
Clo. Marry ſir,
maſters, heer's mo
ſique, that hee deſi
with it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINB